## TABERNACLE PULPIT, to do right than for others to do

"A ROYAL CARDEN" SUBJECT OF THE PRESS SERMON.

"I Am Come Unto My Garden"-The Church Which Christ Has Planted the Salvation of the World Morally, Intellectually and Politically.

RECORLYN, N. Y., July 1.-Rev. Dr. Talmage, who is now nearing Australia, on his round-the-world journey, has selected for the subject of his sermon, through the press today, "The Royal Garden," the text being taken from Solomon's song 5:1: "I am come into my garden."

The world has had a great many beautiful gardens Charlemagne added to the glory of his reign by de creeing that they be established all through the realm-decreeing even the names of the flowers to be planted there. Henry VI at Montpelier, established gardens of bewitching beauty and luxuriance, gathering into them Alpine, Pyrenean and French plants. One of the sweetest spots on earth was the garden of Shenstone, the poet. His writings have made but little impression upon the world; but his garden, "the Leasowes," will be immortal. To the natural advantage of that place was brought the perfection of art. Arbor, and terrace, and slope, and rustic temple, and reservoir, and urn, and fountain, here had their crowning. Oak, and yew, and hazel put forth their richest foliage. There was no life more diligent, no soul more ingenious than that of Shenstone, and all that diligence and genius were brought to the adornment of that one treasure spot. He gave three hundred pounds for it; he sold it for seventeen thousand. And vet I am to tell you of a richer garden than any I have mentioned. It is the garden spoken of in my text, the garden of the church, which belongs to Christ, for my text says so. He bought it, he planted it, he owns it, and he shall have it. Walter Scott, in his outlay at Abbotsford, ruined his fortune; and now in the crimson flowers of those gardens, you can almost think or imagine that you see the blood of that old man's broken heart. The payment of the last one hundred thousand pounds sacrified him. But I have to tell you that Christ's life and Christ's death were the outlay of this beautiful garden of the church of which my text speaks. Oh, how many sighs, and tears, and pangs, and agonies! Tell me, ye executioners who lifted him and let him down! Tell me, ye sun that didst hide, ye rocks that fell! "Christ loved the Church and gave himself for it." If then the garden of the church belongs to Christ, certainly he has a right to walk in it. Come then, O blessed Jesus, this morning, walk up and down these aisles and pluck what thou wilt of sweetness for thyself.

The Church, in my text, is appropriately compared to a garden, because it is a place of choice flowers, of select fruits and of thorough irriga-

That would be a strange garden in which there were no flowers. If nowhere else they will be along the borders or at the gateway. The home liest taste will dictate something, if it be the old-fashioned hollyhock, or dahlia, or daffodil, or coreopsis; but if there be larger means, then you will find the Mexican cactus and darkveined arbutelion, and blazing azalea, and clustering oleander. Well, now, Christ comes to his garden, and he plants there some of the brightest spirits that ever flowered upon the world. Some of them are violets, unconspicuous, but sweet in heaven. You have to search for such spirits to find them. You do not see them very often, perhaps, but you find where they have been by the brightening face of the invalid, and the sprig of geranium on the stand, and the window curtains keeping out the glare of the sunlight They are, perhaps, more like the ranunculus, creeping sweetly along amid the thorns and briars of life, giving kiss for sting, and many a man who has had in his way some great black rock of trouble, has found that they have covered it all over with flowering jasmine running in and out amid the crevices. These Christians in Christ's garden are not like the sunflower, gaudy in the light; but whenever darkness hovers over a soul that needs to be comforted, there they stand, night-blooming cereuses. But in Christ's garden there are plants that may be better compared to the Mexican cactus-thorns without, loveliness within-men with sharp points of character. They wound almost every one that touches them. They are hard to handle. Men pronounce them nothing but thorns, but Christ loves them, notwithstanding all their sharpnesses. Many a man has had very hard ground to culture, and it has en through severe toil he has aised even the smallest crop of grace. A very harsh minister was talking A very harsh minister was talking with a very placed elder, and the lacid elder said to the harsh minister: Doctor, I do wish you would control cour temper." "Ah," said the minister to the elder, "I control more to the minutes than you do in the minutes that the

five years" It is harder for a

The grace that would elevate you to the seventh heaven might not keep your brother from knocking a man down. I had a friend who came to me and said: "I dare not join the "Oh," he church." I said: "Why?" said: "I have such a violent temper. Yesterday morning I was crossing very early at the Jersey City ferry. and I saw a milkman pour a large amount of water into the milk can, and I said to him: 'I think that will do,' and he insulted me, and I knocked him down. Do you think I ought to join the church?" Nevertheless, that very same man, who was so harsh in his behavior, loved Christ, and could not speak of sacred things without tears of emotion and affection. Thorns without, but sweetness within-the best specimen of Mexican cactus I ever saw.

There are others planted in Christ's garden who are always ardent, always radiant, always impressive-more like the roses of deep hue that we occasionally find called "giants of battle" -the Martin Luthers, St. Pauls, Chrysostoms, Wickliffes, Latimers and Samuel Rutherfords. What in other men is a spark, in them is a conflagration. When they sweat, they sweat great drops of blood. When they pray, their prayer takes life. When they preach, it is a Penticost. When they fight, it is a Thermopylæ. When they die, it is a martyrdom. You find great many roses in the gardens, but only a few 'giants of battle." Men say: "Why don't you have more of them in the church?" I say: "Why don't you have in the world more Napoleons, and Humboldts, and Welling-God gives to some ten talents, tons?" to another one.

In this garden of the church, which Christ has planted. I also find the snowdrops, beautiful but cold look. ing, seemingly another phase of the winter. I mean those Christians who are precise in their tastes, unimpassioned, pure as snowdrops and as cold. They never shed any tears, they never get excited, they never say anything rashly, they never do anything precipitately. Their pulse never flutters, their nerves never twitch, their indignation never boils over. They live longer than most people; but their life is in a minor key. They never run up to "C" above the staff. In the music of their life they have no staccato passages. Christ planted them in the church, and they must be of some service, or they would not be there; snowdrops, always snowdrops.

But I have not told you of the most beautiful flower in all this garden spoken of in the text. If you see a "century plant," your emotions are started. You say: "Why, this flower has been a hundred years gathering up for one bloom, and it will be a hundred years more before other petals will come out." But I have to tell you of a plant that was gathering up from all eternity, and that nineteen hundred years ago put forth its bloom never to wither. It is the Passion Flower of the Cross! Prophets foretold it. Bethlehem shepherds looked upon it in the bud; the rocks shook at its bursting; and the dead got up in their winding-sheets to see its full bloom. It is a crimson flower-blood at the roots, blood on the branches, blood on all the leaves. Its perfume is to fill all the nations. Its touch is life. Its breath is heaven. Come, Oh winds, from the north, and winds from the south, and winds from the east, and winds from the west, and bear to all the earth the sweet smelling savor of Christ my Lord.

His worth, if all the nations knew. Sure the whole earth would love him, too. Again: The church may be appropriately compared to a garden, because it is a place of select fruits. That it would be a strange garden which had in it no berries, no plums, no peaches or apricots. The coarses fruits are planted in the orchard, or they are set out on the sunny hillside; but the choicest fruits are kept in the garden. So in the world outside the church, Christ has planted a great many beautiful things-patience, charity, generosity, integrity; but he intends the choicest fruits to be in the garden, and if they are not there, then shame on the church. Religion is not a mere flowering sentimentality. It is a practical, life-giving, healthful fruit-not posies, but apples "Oh!" says somebody, "I don't see what your garden of the church has yielded." Where did your asylums come from? and your hospitals? and your institutions of mercy? Christ planted every one of them; planted them in his garden. Christ gave sight to Bartimeus, he laid the corner stone of every blind asylum that has ever been built. When Christ soothed the demoniac of Galilee he laid the corner stone of every lunatic asylum that has ever been established. When Christ said to the sick man: "Take up thy bed and walk!" he laid the corner stone of every hospital the world has ever seen. When Christ said: "I was in prison, and ye visited me," he laid the corner stone of every prison reform ciation that has ever formed. The Church of Christ is a lorious garden and it is full of fruit I know there is some poor fruit in it.

I know there are some weeds that
ought to have been thrown over the
fence. I know there are some crab
apple trees that ought to be cut down.

I know there are some wild grapes that ought to be uprooted; but are you going to destroy the whole garden because of a little gnarled fruit? You will find worm-eaten leaves in Fontainbleau, and insects that sting in the fairy groves of the Champs Elysees. You do not tear down and destroy the whole garden because there are a few specimens of gnarled fruit. I admit there are men and women in the church who ought not to be there; but let us be just as frank, and admit the fact that there are hundreds and thousands and tens of thousands of glorious Christian men and women holy, blessed, useful, consecrated and triumphant. There is no grander collection in all the earth than the collection of Christians. There are Christian men in the church whose religion is not a matter of psalm-singing and church-going. Tomorrow morning that religion will keep them just as consistent and consecrated on "exchange" as it ever kept them at the communion table. There are women in the church of a higher type of character than Mary of Bethany. They not only sit at the feet of Christ, but they go out into the kitchen to help Martha in her work. that she may sit there too. There is a woman who has a drunken husband. who has exhibited more faith and patience and courage than Hugh Latimer in the fire. He was consumed in twenty minutes. Her's has been a twenty year's martyrdom. Yonder is a man who has lain fifteen years on his back, unable even to feed himself. yet calm and peaceful as though he lay on one of the green banks of heaven, watching the oarsmen dip their paddles in the crystal river! Why, it seems to me this moment as if Paul threw to us a pomologist's catalogue of the fruits growing in this great garden of Christ-love, joy, peace, patience, charity, brotherly kindness, gentleness, mercy-glorious fruit, enough to fill all the baskets of

earth and heaven. I have told you of the better tree in this garden, and of the better fruit. It was planted just outside Jerusalem a good while ago. When that tree was planted, it was so split, and bruised, and barked, men said nothing would ever grow upon it; but no sooner had that tree been planted, than it budded, and blossomed, and fruited, and the soldiers' spears were only the clubs that struck down that fruit, and it fell into the lap of the nations, and men began to pick it up and eat it, and they found in it an antidote to all thirst, to all poison, to all sin, to all death-the smallest cluster larger than the famous one of Eshcol, which two men carried on a staff between them. If the one apple in Eden killed the race, this one clus-

ter of mercy shall restore it. Some years ago a vessel struck on he rocks. They had only one life boat. In that life boat the passengers and crew were getting ashore. vessel had foundered and was sinking deeper and deeper, and that one boat could not take the passengers very swiftly. A little girl stood on the deck waiting for her turn to get into the boat. The boat came and went came and went-but her turn did not seem to come. After awhile she could wait no longer, and she leaped on the taffrail and then sprang into the sea, crying to the boatman, 'Save me next! Save me next!" Oh, how many have gone ashore into God's next! ave gone ashore i nto God's mercy, and yet you are clinging to the wreck of sin. Others have accepted the pardon of Christ, but you are in peril. Why not, this morning, make a rush for your immortal rescue, are in peril. erying until Jesus shall hear you, and heaven and earth ring with the cry, Save me next! Save me next!"

Halevy liked smoking and always composed best with a long pipe in his mouth, the bowl resting on the floor. Sullivan does not write more than one or two songs a year. He receives hundreds of poems for music, but generally does not read them. Donizetti was of a melancholy tem-

perament and subject to fits of mental depression without visible cause. During the last three years his melangholia became so pronounced that he was incapable of giving attention to his work.

Cherubini so closely identified his sympathies with his work than when writing a pathetic passage he would ery like a child. He was often found in tears over his score, and some of his manuscripts are thus so blotted as to be almost illegible.

Schubert was so prolific of songs that he never remembered, a few days later, what he had written. A friend placed one of Schubert's own songs before its composer two weeks after it had been produced. The latter had forgotten it and asked whose it was.

Wagner had a clearly molded, classical face, with thin, cynical lips, which seemed to wear a perpetual sneer. He was exceedingly vain, greatly disliked to hear words of praise given to any other composer. and rarely spoke even in faint com-mendation of the greatest of his predecessors.

Liszt was tall, angular and thin His hands were very large and his fingers so long as to enable him to cover an octave and a half. His side face bore a striking resemblance to that of Calhoun. His marvelous dexterity at the piano was the result of mative talent, aided by almost ineredible labor. As a child he practiced ten hours a day, and increased this time as he approached manhood.

F. M. Donald. in Indiana Farmer, makes the following estimate on geese: A has on his farm 500 geese, and from his experience he finds that from five geese he can pick one pound of feathers in six weeks, which he can seil for 40 cents per gound. From 500 geese he picks 100 pounds in the same time, and at this rate of picking, which is eight and two-thirds times in one year, he picks 866% pounds of feathers in one year, which, at 40 cents, equals \$146.66%, the value of his feathers in one year alone. He estimates that from 500 geese (arranging them in pairs) he will obtain from each an average of twelve eggs, making 3,000 eggs, from which he takes 500 for setting, and sells the remainder, 2,500, or 208 % dozen, at 30 cen ts per dozen-\$62.50 value of his eggs annually. From the 500 eggs he raises 500 goslings, from which he picks oneeighth pounds each. He picks from these geese sixty-two and one-half pounds and sells at 40 cents, or \$25 as the value of the gosling feathers. The goslings are worth 25 cents per head, which is \$125. When he adds up these tems he finds the sum to be \$563.16 % the value of his geese annually, not calculating any expenses. The cost of 500 geese is \$125, cost of feed and picking say, \$100, making \$225 for annual expenses. Taking this from the receipts, \$563.16%, \$388.16% remains, and yet he has his geese, from which 100 may be expected to die, leaving 400 head, which are worth \$100. He has already cleared \$338.16%, and his geese yet remain. If he adds their value to his profit he has \$438.16% as the value and profit of his geese in one year. Early goslings are the best, but raising them is very difficult. They need no mother except for a few nights to accustom them to their coop, for they need a good one, and they will do well if properly attended to. They mature in two years if well kept, but if not they will not mature until 7 or 8 years old. Geese are preferable no matter how old if they will keep fat on good pasture. An average weight for a goose is nine pounds. A goose will only raise one litter annually, but will raise two litters if well kept. The reason people do not raise geese is on account of the prejudice

fore they learn their true worth. BIG CREAMERY FIGURES.—The official report of the Ellington, Connecticut, co-operative creamery for the calendar year 1893, furnished Farm and Home by Superintendent Bancroft, contains these remarkable figures: Number of patrons, 103; number of cows, 802; from which was made 232,-432 pounds of butter. The total income was \$69,010.99, and the expenses \$10,435.51. The gross sales averaged 30.22 cents per pound of butter, and the average net sales were 25.72 cents, making the average expenses 4.49 cents per pound. The number of Cooley spaces of cream required to make one pound of butter was 6.24%, and the patrons were paid an average of 4.11 cents per space. It was found the cows averaged 289% pounds of butter per year, and 2,604 quarts of skim milk worth one-half cent per quart. Hence this exhibit: Average gross inome for cream per cow, \$87.17 and for skim milk \$13.02, total \$100.19; average net income from cream 874.15, value of skim milk \$13.02, total net income per cow for the year, \$87.17; average net income per one quart of milk, 2.9 cents.

against them. They become annoyed

at their noise and get rid of them be-

COLOR OF FRUITS.-In a list of 100 questions and answers published by the Missouri Horticultural society we find the following answers to the question, "Why do fruits turn red or assume other bright colors when ripe?" The colors of fruits are usually connected with the dissemination of their seeds by animals, which in most cases feed on them. The colors appear when the fruits are becoming ripe, because at this time the seeds are ready for distribution. The colors are usually due to the development of pigments dissolved in the sap of the cells which lie near the surface of the fruit. Yellow fruits usually owe their color to a yellow pigment contained in parts of the protoplasm of the cells, corresponding to the chlorophyl grains that give the green color to foliage and to green fruits. The formation of these colors is usually attended by a mellowing of the tissue and the disappearance of acids which render the green fruit sour, and their replacement by sugars.

MAKE ONLY GOOD BUTTER.—There is no other butter that is worth making than good butter, and there is more damage to the market in making poor butter than the butterine makers of Chicago, New York and Philadelphia all put together. There is more damage done to the market by trying to skim the cream out of cheese before trying to pass it on the market as good cheese, than all the bogus cheese makers of Chicago have done together.

Miss Daisy (who has spent her whole summer in trying to elevate the simple country people with whom she has boarded)—Good-by, Mr. Stiles, I hope my visit here hasn't been entirely without good results. Farmer Stiles—Sartin not, eartin not. You've learnt a heap since you first come here, but, by crackey! you was purty nigh the greenest one we ever had on our hands.—Detroit Tribune. Fair and Beautiful Lands Across the

Give promise to the ocean voyager of hear and pleasure, but there is a broad expan of waters to be passed that rise mount high in rough weather and grievously disturb the unaccustomed stomach, more particularly if it is that of an invalid. Moreover, the vibration of the vessel's hull caused by the motion of the screw of the steamer, a change of water and latitude, and abrupt transitions of temperature, can-not, without a medicinal safeguard, be en-countered with impunity. For sea sickness, countered with impunity. For sea sickness, and prejudicial influences of air and water Rostetter's Stomach Bitters is a standard safeguard. Tourists, yachtsmen, mariners, commercial travelers, and petople bound on a sea voyage or inland faunt, should always be provided with it. Incomparable for malaria, rheumatism, neuralgia, sleeplessness, loss of appetite, sick headache, billiousness and constituation. and constinution.

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Ethel: Yes, I've brought him to my feet, at last. Clarissa: Well, take care you don't let him see them or you won't

"Have you been playing the races?"
"No," replied the dejected looking man,
"The races have been playing me."

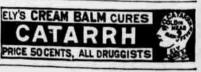
The man who lost his temper wasn't pround of the article when he found it.



**BLOOD POISON** By lyy or live oak, caused inflammation, couptions and intense itching and burning on my legs. I decided to try Hood's Barsaparilla.

ood's sarsaparilla I have taken Hood's Sarsaparilla and do not have any poison symp-

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